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### THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER.\*

THE worthy Doctor is unwearied in his endeavours to do good, and produce what may be useful to society. Sometimes we have doubted his means, while we have praised his motives; but much more frequently have had the satisfaction of commending both. In the present instance, we certainly cannot subscribe to all the positions which he has laid down; but our differences are mere matters of taste and opinion, and probably in some of the cases on which we are at issue with the erudite Gastronomer, the wiser heads of the world will be as apt to agree with him as with his critics. But we shall see as we journey along:—so here goes, text and commentary!

The first division consists of practical hints to inexperienced housekeepers, in the art of providing comfortably for a family; which the facetious author (is not he, ye Benedicts, too sanguine?) declares will enable young ladies "to make the cage of matrimony as comfortable as the net of courtship." To effect this consummation, so "devoutly to be wished," they must, he lays down, keep a ledger of their expenses; upon giving which advice, he digresses into the history of a certain class, and finds, from Athenæus, that Cooks were the first kings of the earth; from Filmer, that the old patriarchs were their own cooks; from Homer, that Achilles and his fellows broiled their own meat; from their historians, that the greatest Roman generals boiled their own turnips and other esculents for dinner; and from Records, happily preserved for our information, that our forefathers, six and three cen-

turies ago, were excellent cooks and rigid economists.† Imitating the prudent example of antiquity, therefore, it is recommended to observe *order* in every thing, to calculate our *net* income (not the courtship *net* formerly spoken of) and to save at least two-fifths of it annually. How to manage this is shown in detail. The following ought to suffice, for provisions, *per month, per week*:—

"Meat, ‡ six pounds weight (undressed); bread, four pounds (quarter loaf); butter, half a pound; tea, two ounces; sugar, half a pound; beer (porter), one pint per day." Beer, the Doctor asserts to be much more nutritive than any wine—a most hateful, erroneous, and scandalous doctrine! but what can be expected when we are also

\* By Dr. Kitchiner.

† It was not to his purpose, and, therefore, our ingeni—(not u) ous friend says nothing of the *coqui* of times which do not suit his panegyric—when Plautus, for example, in his *Pseudolus*, makes Ballio's cook very truly and characteristically exclaim—

"An iovenire postulas quemquam *coquum*,  
Nisi malvinis aut aquilinis unguibus?"

[Can you look for a *cook* without the rapacious claws of a kite or an eagle?]

‡ The following is another of the Doctor's calculations:

"Estimate of the Annual Expenses of a Family of two, and occasionally three in the parlour, and two maids, and a man servant, who have a dinner-party of a dozen about once in a month, and where there is always plenty of good provisions—but no affectation of profusion.

"Meat, 65*l.*; Fish and Poultry, 25*l.*; Bread, 18*l.*; Butter and Cheese, 25*l.*; Milk, 7*l.*; Vegetables and Fruit, 20*l.*; Tea and Sugar, 15*l.*; Table Ale, 25*l.*; Washing, 20*l.*; Coals, 80*l.*; Candles and Soap, 20*l.*; Sundries and *Forgets*, 50*l.*—Total 320*l.*"

assured that "if more beer is drawn than is drunk at dinner, put a piece of bread into it—and it will be almost as pleasant drinking at supper as if it was fresh drawn." We aver, on the contrary, that it is weary, stale, flat, and (to the drinkers at least, if not to the economical housekeeper,) unprofitable; a very odious beverage, and no more to be compared with wine, than a slice of dead carrion with a superb rump steak.\*

From beer we proceed to bread, which is not to be cut until it has been baked at least twenty-four hours: for ourselves, we love hot rolls and muffins for breakfast, and have a severe antipathy to dry bread at any meal. We therefore have never looked into a bread-pan, and take the Doctor's aphorism, on trust, as an undeniable truth, viz. that—

"One of the surest tokens of a *good house-wife* is the state of her bread-pan."

Comus, (of whom we should hugely like a well-written biography) Comus forgive those who have thought more of their bread-baskets.

We entirely agree with the Doctor in thinking it much better to cut cold ham, tongue, &c. at table for luncheons and suppers, than to serve them up in slices and sandwiches; but we differ from him in supposing this method also more frugal. We have seen hungry persons, at very genteel parties

too, who must have been contented, had it been handed about, with three or four applications at most to the sandwich tray; but who played the very *dickens* with a fine Westphalia, and carved away at a whole tongue, as if it were alive, and calculated (like that of the mistress of the house) to run and last for ever.

As our author is rather a desultory writer, and we are following him cheek by jowl, we pass by what is said of sheeps' and bullocks' heads, and come to a more generally important question which applies to the heads of human creatures. "It is better to live within your means than to make an appearance beyond your fortune, either in dress, equipage, or entertainments." Plato himself never said a truer thing; and the Doctor, as usual, proceeds to illustrate and counsel. "A dinner table should not be more than three feet and a half wide, because a dinner will look handsome on *that* which would appear scanty on a board of five feet in width." With this opinion we are not disposed to quarrel seriously, for both sizes have their advantages—the narrow table is good because the sitters can reach all that is on it before them, and the broad table is good because one can have sauces, glasses, &c. with less of confusion. But the next axiom seems too niggardly and parsimonious.

"It is (says the Dr.) a good plan always to provide for at least one more guest than you expect—especially if you are not well acquainted with the capacity of your Visitor.—Some folks want two or three times as much as others—for instance, *our incomparable and inspired composer* HANDEL required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food—among other stories told of this great musician, it is said that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered 'DINNER FOR THREE'—and on receiving for answer to his question—'*Is de Tinner retty?*'—'As soon as the company come'—He said '*con strepito,*' 'Den pring up te Tinner, '*pretissimo,*' I AM DE GOMBANY.'"

Now even this jest cannot reconcile us to the dicta about providing for

\* Again we must school our worthy friend in a note. Why does he depreciate wine? Wine has been admired since it was first made (after the creation of the world.) Noah loved it; and Lot took (perhaps) too much, so fond was he of it: and these were great names of old—worthy patrons of old wine. David, a lyrist before Anacreon, or Morris (the Captain,) or Moore, sang that it gladdened the heart of man:—he was a prophet! There never was a people of the least pretensions to common sense, or celebrity in any way (to the best of our recollection,) but who stuck to their wine. The harshest of philosophers were addicted to tippling; and (not to degenerate into the well-known song of "Diogenes surly and proud," with which his musical pursuits must have made him acquainted,) we will remind the Doctor that Cato, the churl, who advised his friends to kiss their wives *only* to smell if they had been tasting, was himself, according to Horace, a jolly toper:

"Narratur ut prisci Catonis  
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus."

"one more:" such a practice is enough to starve a whole party! Who could enjoy a hearty meal which must be cut within a pound of the flesh, two ounces of the bread, and the other proportions of a fair allowance, (according to the Doctor's *tables*,) which such a table would present? The very thought would take away our appetite more effectually than a full feed. Nor do we like his tirade against "the company of *bonsvivants*,"\* with whom dinner is the chief business of the day—who merely '*Live to eat*'—who see the Sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets, who are not satisfied till they are surfeited—or of those *Sons of Anacreon* who are not entertained till they are intoxicated, and who ridiculously maintain that the restorative process cannot be perfectly complete in *old* people till they feel as frisky as a four-years old."

That the author of the *Cook's Oracle*, a book of inestimable instructions how to tickle the taste and provoke the palate, should join in the senseless outcry against good living and refined cookery, is utterly out of place and inexcusable; and as for getting tipsy now and then, there are high *authorities* in its favour—not to mention *examples*.

The Doctor says farther, that—

"Nothing can be more ruinous to real comfort than the *vulgar custom* of setting out a table with a parade and a profusion, unsuited not only to the circumstances of the host, but to the number of the guests.

"Nothing can be more fatal to TRUE HOSPITALITY, by which I mean the frequency with which we give our friends a hearty welcome—than the multiplicity of dishes which luxury has made fashionable at the tables of the great, the wealthy—and the ostentatious,—who are not seldom either great or wealthy.

"Such prodigious preparation (as *Dominie Sampson* would say) instead of being a compliment to our guests, is really nothing better than an indirect

offence;—is it not a tacit insinuation, that you think it is absolutely necessary to bribe the depravity of their palates, when you desire the pleasure of their company?—that you think so lightly of them, that you suppose that savoury sauces on your table, are more inviting attraction than sensible society around it!—and that an honest man is to be caught by a slice of mutton, as easily as a hungry mouse is with a bit of cheese."

This appears to us to be hard treatment of those who may fall into the kind-hearted mistake of trying to entertain their friends as well as they can, instead of asking them to discomfort, and to just one person's portion more than it is calculated *ought to be* eaten! Why might they not fancy that the pleasures of company would not be diminished by the gratifications of the palate; that sensible society was not likely to be made either less sensible or agreeable by the concomitant presence of savoury sauces; and that an honest man might really love a slice of rich, tender, and juicy South Down. To cut at the last is the unkindest cut of all, and we wonder that such a cruel idea could ever have entered into the benevolent mind of the much-esteemed author. In truth, his sentiments on this point are precisely fit for the excuses of such worldlings as treat without warmth, feast without plenty, and make show without hospitality or cordiality.

And there is also another financial error in his estimates: he argues, as if all that remained after guests were entertained, was lost, and speaks of "a whole family's suffering famine for several days after a dinner-party," as a consequence of its extravagance. But this is the reverse of fact; such a family might have been more cheaply and plainly fed; but we all know that there are very pretty pickings on the days after the feast, when soups are warmed up, vension hashed, turkeys limbs grilled, stews re-heated, cold joints broiled, delicacies sought out for which there was not sufficient time in the first grand enterprise, puddings meliorated in the Dutch oven, jellies and custards equal to their virgin sweetness, sups of the best vintages, and the d—l a drop of

\* We doubt this French; *Bons* is not good. *Bonvivants* are good livers; good livers are not wanted.

beer preserved by crusts of bread! Nay, so well convinced are we of this, that we would not hesitate to take our affidavit, as far as mere gastronomy was concerned, in favour of the plenary and calm indulgence of post-festial enjoyments,—especially as Time being the eater of all things (*Edax Rerum*), we can then have our revenge and take Time to eat. But this sort of pleasure, the author of the *Cook's Oracle* (of all men!) dares to call making a god of our bellies. *Ventre bleu*, as we say at Dunkirk, it is enough to make a critic swear. Will not *he* allow the distinction between a glutton and an epicure—between the beast and the man of taste—between the foul and ravenous brute and the commensalist (this may be a new word) who refines upon the almost most exquisite organ with which nature has endowed him? Why, what is it but the cultivation of a valuable sense? A person is praised for being one of the cognoscenti in literature, in painting, in sculpture, in music: and shall he be twitted contumeliously who has raised himself above all such, by perfecting a sense at once common, delicate, and complicated; and thus rendering himself an amateur and proficient in the grand art *savoir vivre*! Away with these insults—let any one look into his mouth and see how admirably disposed it is for the importance of its functions. Without it, life must become extinct, and it is therefore a daily slave. But are we, on that account, on account of its vital utility, to debar it from every gratification? On the contrary, every good, honest, benevolent being will do more for its satisfaction, the more he is sensible of its services. The ruby, velvet, and wonderful tongue; the inflexible, white, and ivory teeth; the jaws, hung by the purest and most perfect mechanism; and above all, the glorious palate (furrowed by the plough of providence in order to prolong its enjoyments) claim the consideration of the wise and virtuous, and he is (we beg pardon for declaring plainly) an ass who refuses to do them homage. But if we digress thus, we shall become as desultory as our author; and when we

are confoundedly angry with him (as we are upon this point,) we should abhor to be like him.

His observations on the silly desire of outshining one's neighbours are very judicious; as are also those on the fashionable folly of coming to dinner long after the hours specified in invitations. If ever this grievous calamity is redressed, which is not probable, it must be done by His most gracious Majesty, and, after him, some of his greatest subjects, setting the example of sitting down within five minutes of the appointed time with such guests as have arrived. We are sure that the monarch who introduced such a reform would receive, as indeed he would merit, infinitely more gratitude from his people than if he originated a reform in Parliament. How many painful minutes are spent in waiting, every one has felt; the "horrid half hour" of a Briton's daily existence protracted into *hours*, is a visitation in which we have often had our unhappy share: the sufferings of the cook in the kitchen, and of the company (for so the wretched creatures are still called!) in the waiting room, are known to us;—the uneasiness of the entertainers, the shifts of a conversation inadequate to dispel any gloom, the violation of sobs, the yawns, the impatient looks, the all which luncheonless sinners betray, render this a fearful epoch. And at last some blundering booby, or ill-dressed flirt, or empty coxcomb, walks in; and a dozen of punctual, rational, edacious and bibacious mortals discover, that it has been owing to this animal or thing that they shall not eat their victuals properly cooked, or experience the comforts which have been prepared for them. Sincerely do we hope that His Majesty, who is a perfect gentleman, and his ministers, who have the good luck to rule at a period of peace and *plenty*, will turn their serious attention to this crying abuse; the extent of which, and its everlasting prevalence, need no comment to impress the expediency of an improved system on legislators of feeling and bowels. One instance may be enough. We dined last week where the treat consisted of one half tureen of bad

cold soup, cod ditto, roast beef ditto, and some pastry which we never could puff: yet were we kept from six till near eight before the cold soup was ready, and the cold cod served, and the the cold beef cut, and the nasty pastry made visible. By Amphitryon, we would not have stopped so long to dine with Vitellius (or his brother, we believe), who had only nine thousand dishes of fish and fowl in the first two courses. By-the-by, Vitellius was a clever fellow, in spite of all that has been recorded of his gluttony: "a dead enemy always smells sweet," though an unfeeling speech, was not spoken by a fool. But we really do sometimes catch the tone of the authors we are reviewing, and—so no more episodes.

Our worthy Doctor gives us many pithy proverbs, and quotations from excellent authors—all to teach prudence, economy, and order. All these, however, we will sum up in his own characteristic peroration:

"'BEWARE OF 'TIS BUTS.'

"There are very few of my readers, who if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that *had they saved all those LITTLE SUMS, which they have spent unnecessarily, their circumstances would be very different from what they are.*"

There are some rules for marketing, which we dare say are very useful, but which we confess we do not understand: for we never went to market for any thing but for Mr. Dickinson's beautiful paper, and that was not to rap Maintenon cutlets in. Into the rest of the minutiae we need not enter; but we will tell our readers that, with all its quaintness and oddity, this little work contains (as far as we can judge) a great deal of information which is calculated to promote the kind design of its author, and render a service to society at large.

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THE IMPROVISATRICE. By L. E. L.

Concluded from p. 427.

One evening I had roamed beside  
The winding of the Arno's tide;  
The sky was flooded with moonlight;  
Below were waters azure bright,  
Pallazzos with their marble halls,  
Green gardens, silver waterfalls,  
And orange groves and citron shades,  
And cavaliers and dark-eyed maids;  
Sweet voices singing, echoes sent  
From many a rich-toned instrument.  
I could not bear this loveliness!

It was on such a night as this  
That love had lighted up my dream  
Of long despair and short-lived bliss.  
I sought the city; wandering on,  
Unconscious where my steps might be;  
My heart was deep in other thoughts;  
All places were alike to me:—  
At length I stopped beneath the walls  
Of San Mark's old cathedral halls.  
I entered:—and, beneath the roof,  
Ten thousand wax-lights burnt on high;  
And incense on the censers fumed  
As for some great solemnity.

The wise-robed choristers were singing ;  
 Their cheerful peel the bells were ringing :  
 Then deep-voiced music floated round  
 As the far arches sent forth sound—  
 The stately organ :—and fair bands  
 Of young girls strewed, with lavish hands,  
 Violets o'er the mosaic floor ;  
 And sang while scattering the sweet store.

I turned me to a distant aisle,  
 Where but a feeble glimmering came  
 (Itself in darkness) of the smile  
 Sent from the tapers' perfumed flame ;  
 And coloured as each pictured pane  
 Shed o'er the blaze its crimson stain :—  
 While, from the window o'er my head,  
 A dim and sickly gleam was shed  
 From the young moon,—enough to show  
 That tomb and tablet lay below.  
 I leant upon one monument,—  
 'Twas sacred to unhappy love :  
 On it were carved a blighted pine—  
 A broken ring—a wounded dove ;  
 And two or three brief words told all  
 Her history who lay beneath :  
 'The flowers—at morn her bridal flowers,—  
 'Formed, ere the eve, her funeral wreath.'

I could but envy her. I thought  
 How sweet it must be thus to die !  
 Your last looks watched—your last sigh caught,  
 As life or heaven were in that sigh !  
 Passing in loveliness and light ;  
 Your heart as pure,—your cheek as bright  
 As the spring-rose, whose petals shut,  
 By sun unscorched, by shower unwet ;  
 Leaving behind a memory  
 Shrined in love's fond eternity.

But I was wakened from this dream  
 By a burst of light—a gush of song—  
 A welcome, as the stately doors  
 Poured in a gay and gorgeous throng.  
 I could see all from where I stood.  
 And first I looked upon the bride ;  
 She was a pale and lovely girl :—  
 But, oh God ! who was by her side ?—  
 LORENZO ! No, I did not speak ;  
 My heart beat high, but could not break.  
 I shrieked not, wept not ; but stood there  
 Motionless in my still despair ;  
 As I were forced by some strange thrall,  
 To bear with and to look on all,—  
 I heard the hymn, I heard the vow :  
 (Mine ear throbs with them even now !)  
 I saw the young bride's timid cheek  
 Blushing beneath her silver veil.

I saw LORENZO kneel ! Methought  
 ('Twas but a thought !) he too was pale.  
 But when it ended, and his lip  
 Was prest to her's—I saw no more !  
 My heart grew cold,—my brain swam round,—  
 I sank upon the cloister floor :  
 I lived,—if that may be called life,  
 From which each charm of life has fled—  
 Happiness gone, with hope and love,—  
 In all but breath already dead.

Rust gathered on the silent chords  
 Of my neglected lyre,—the breeze  
 Was now its mistress : music brought  
 For me too bitter memories !  
 The ivy darkened o'er my bower ;  
 Around, the weeds choked every flower.  
 I pleased me in this desolateness,  
 As each thing bore my fate's impress.

At length I made myself a task—  
 To paint that Cretan maiden's fate,  
 Whom Love taught such deep happiness,  
 And whom Love left so desolate.  
 I drew her on a rocky shore :—  
 Her black hair loose, and sprinkled o'er  
 With white sea-foam ;—her arms were bare,  
 Flung upwards in their last despair.  
 Her naked feet the pebbles prest ;  
 The tempest-wind sang in her vest :  
 A wild stare in her glassy eyes ;  
 White lips, as parched by their hot sighs ;  
 And cheek more pallid than the spray,  
 Which, cold and colourless, on it lay :—  
 Just such a statue as should be  
 Placed ever, Love ! beside thy shrine ;  
 Warning thy victims of what ills—  
 What burning tears, false god ! are thine.  
 Before her was the darkling sea ;  
 Behind the barren mountains rose—  
 A fit home for the broken heart  
 To weep away life, wrongs, and woes !

I had now but one hope :—that when  
 The hand that traced these tints was cold—  
 Its pulse but in their passion seen,—  
 LORENZO might these tints behold,  
 And find my grief ;—think—see—feel all  
 I felt, in this memorial !

It was one evening,—the rose-light  
 Was o'er each green veranda shining ;  
 Spring was just breaking, and white buds  
 Were 'mid the darker ivy twining.  
 My hall was filled with the perfume  
 Sent from the early orange bloom :  
 The fountain, in the midst, was fraught  
 With rich hues from the sunset caught ;—

And the first song came from the dove,  
 Nestling in the shrub alcove.  
 But why pause on my happiness?—  
 Another step was with mine there !  
 Another sigh than mine made sweet  
 With its dear breath the scented air !  
 LORENZO ! could it be my hand  
 That now was trembling in thine own ?  
 LORENZO ! could it be mine ear  
 That drank the music of thy tone ?

We sat us by a lattice, where  
 Came in the soothing evening breeze,  
 Rich with the gifts of early flowers,  
 And the soft wind-lute's symphonies.  
 And in the twilight's vesper-hour,  
 Beneath the hanging jasmine-shower,  
 I heard a tale,—as fond, as dear  
 As e'er was poured in woman's ear !

#### LORENZO'S HISTORY.

I WAS betrothed from earliest youth  
 To a fair orphan, who was left  
 Beneath my father's roof and care,—  
 Of every other friend bereft :  
 An heiress, with her fertile vales,  
 Caskets of Indian gold and pearl ;  
 Yet meek as poverty itself,  
 And timid as a peasant girl :  
 A delicate, frail thing,—but made  
 For spring sunshine, or summer shade ;  
 A slender flower, unmeet to bear  
 One April shower,—so slight, so fair.

I loved her as a brother loves  
 His favourite sister :—and when war  
 First called me from our long-shared home  
 To bear my father's sword afar,  
 I parted from her,—not as one  
 Whose life and soul are wrung by parting :  
 With death-cold brow and throbbing pulse,  
 And burning tears like life-blood starting.  
 Lost in war dreams, I scarcely heard  
 The prayer that bore my name above :  
 The ' Farewell ! ' that kissed off her tears,  
 Had more of pity than of love !  
 I thought of her not with that deep,  
 Intensest memory love will keep  
 More tenderly than life. To me  
 She was but as a dream of home,—  
 One of those calm and pleasant thoughts  
 That o'er the soldier's spirit come ;  
 Remembering him, when battle lours,  
 Of twilight walks and fireside hours.

I came to thy bright FLORENCE when  
 The task of blood was done :  
 I saw thee ! Had I lived before ?  
 Oh, no ! my life but then begun.

Ay, by that blush ! the summer rose  
 Has not more luxury of light !  
 Ay, by those eyes ! whose language is  
 Like what the clear stars speak at night,  
 Thy first look was a fever spell !—  
 Thy first word was an oracle  
 Which sealed my fate ! I worshipped thee,  
 My beautiful, bright deity !  
 Worshipped thee as a sacred thing  
 Of Genius' high imagining ;—  
 But loved thee for thy sweet revealing  
 Of woman's own most gentle feeling.  
 I might have broken from the chain  
 Thy power, thy glory, round me flung !  
 But never might forget thy blush—  
 The smile which on thy sweet lips hung !  
 I lived but in thy sight ! One night  
 From thy hair fell a myrtle blossom ;  
 It was a relic that breathed of thee :—  
 Look ! it has withered in my bosom !  
 Yet was I wretched, though I dwelt  
 In the sweet sight of Paradise :  
 A curse lay on me. But not now,  
 Thus smiled upon by those dear eyes,  
 Will I think over thoughts of pain.  
 I'll only tell thee that the line  
 That ever told Love's misery,  
 Ne'er told of misery like mine !  
 I wedded.—I could not have borne  
 To see the young IANTHE blighted  
 By that worst blight the spring can know—  
 Trusting affection ill requited !  
 Oh, was it that she was too fair,  
 Too innocent for this damp earth ;  
 And that her native star above  
 Reclaimed again its gentle birth ?  
 She faded. Oh, my peerless queen,  
 I need not pray thee pardon me  
 For owning that my heart then felt  
 For any other than for thee !  
 I bore her to those azure isles  
 Where health dwells by the side of spring ;  
 And deemed their green and sunny vales,  
 And calm and fragrant airs, might bring  
 Warmth to the cheek, light to the eye,  
 Of her who was too young to die.  
 It was in vain !—and, day by day,  
 The gentle creature died away.  
 As parts the odour from the rose,—  
 As fades the sky at twilight's close,—  
 She past so tender and so fair ;  
 So patient, though she knew each breath  
 Might be her last ; her own mild smile  
 Parted her placid lips in death.  
 Her grave is under southern skies ;  
 Green turf and flowers o'er it rise.

Oh ! nothing but a pale spring wreath  
 Would fade o'er her who lies beneath !  
 I gave her prayers—I gave her tears—  
 I staid awhile beside her grave ;  
 Then led by Hope, and led by Love,  
 Again I cut the azure wave.

What have I more to say, my life !  
 But just to pray one smile of thine,  
 Telling I have not loved in vain—

That thou dost join these hopes of mine ?  
 Yes, smile, sweet love ! our life will be  
 As radiant as a fairy tale !

Glad as the sky-lark's earliest song—  
 Sweet as the sigh of the spring gale !

All, all that life will ever be,  
 Shone o'er, divinest love ! by thee.

Oh, mockery of happiness !

Love now was all too late to save.  
 False Love ! oh, what had you to do  
 With one you had led to the grave ?

A little time I had been glad  
 To mark the paleness on my cheek ;  
 To feel how, day by day, my step  
 Grew fainter, and my hand more weak :

To know the fever of my soul  
 Was also preying on my frame :

But now I would have given worlds  
 To change the crimson hectic's flame  
 For the pure rose of health ; to live  
 For the dear life that Love could give.

—Oh, youth may sicken at its bloom,  
 And wealth and fame pray for the tomb ;—  
 But can love bear from love to part,  
 And not cling to that one dear heart ?

I shrank away from death,—my tears  
 Had been unwept in other years :—

But thus, in Love's first ecstasy,  
 Was it not worse than death to die ?

LORENZO ! I would live for thee !

But thou wilt have to weep for me !  
 That sun has kissed the morning dews,—

I shall not see its twilight close !

That rose is fading in the noon,

And I shall not outlive that rose !

Come, let me lean upon thy breast,  
 My last, best place of happiest rest !  
 Once more let me breathe thy sighs—  
 Look once more in those watching eyes !

Oh ! but for thee, and grief of thine,  
 And parting, I should not repine !

It is deep happiness to die,  
 Yet live in Love's dear memory.

Thou wilt remember me,—my name  
 Is linked with beauty and with fame.  
 The summer airs, the summer sky,  
 The soothing spell of Music's sigh,—

Stars in their poetry of night,  
 The silver silence of moonlight,—  
 The dim blush of the twilight hours,  
 The fragrance of the bee-kissed flowers ;—  
 But, more than all, sweet songs will be  
 Thrice sacred unto Love and me.  
 LORENZO !—be this kiss a spell !  
 My first !—my last ! FAREWELL !—FAREWELL !

—  
 THERE is a lone and stately hall,—  
 Its master dwells apart from all.  
 A wanderer through Italia's land,  
 One night a refuge there I found.  
 The lightning flash rolled o'er the sky,  
 The torrent rain was sweeping round ;—  
 These won me entrance. He was young,  
 The castle's lord, but pale like age ;  
 His brow, as sculpture beautiful,  
 Was wan as Grief's corroded page.  
 He had no words, he had no smiles,  
 No hopes :—his sole employ to brood  
 Silently over his sick heart  
 In sorrow and in solitude.  
 I saw the hall where, day by day,  
 He mused his weary life away ;—  
 It scarcely seemed a place for woe,  
 But rather like a genii's home.  
 Around were graceful statues ranged,  
 And pictures shone around the dome.  
 But there was one—a loveliest one !—  
 One picture brightest of all there !  
 Oh ! never did the painter's dream  
 Shape thing so gloriously fair !  
 It was a face !—the summer day  
 Is not more radiant in its light !  
 Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars  
 Lighting the azure brow of night ;  
 A blush like sunrise o'er the rose ;  
 A cloud of raven hair, whose shade  
 Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls  
 Clustered beneath a laurel braid.  
 She leant upon a harp :—one hand  
 Wandered, like snow, amid the chords ;  
 The lips were opening with such life,  
 You almost heard the silvery words.  
 She looked a form of light and life,—  
 All soul, all passion, and all fire ;  
 A priestess of Apollo's, when  
 The morning beam falls on her lyre ;  
 A Sappho, or ere love had turned  
 The heart to stone where once it burned.  
 But by the picture's side was placed  
 A funeral urn, on which was traced  
 The heart's recorded wretchedness ;—  
 And on a tablet, hung above,  
 Was 'graved one tribute of sad words—  
 ' LORENZO TO HIS MINSTEL LOVE.'

## HOMMAGE AUX DAMES. OR, A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

**A**NOTHER extremely pretty present for the near approaching holiday time of the year, dedicated "to the Ladies," and not unworthy of their patronage. The literary contributions which fill it are anonymous, for the writers whisper they are aware that to talk of themselves is not the way to please the ladies. Both the prose and verse, nevertheless, do them much credit; and there is above a hundred and fifty pages of very agreeable reading, before we come to a little musical piece, blank pages for a diary, and places of amusement in the metropolis. To exemplify our opinion, we shall endeavour to compress "The Haunted Head, or la Testa di Marte," an exceedingly well told story, into such compass as our limits admit:

**THE HAUNTED HEAD.**

"It was yet early on a May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of *Les quatre fils d'Aymon* at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle."

These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, "as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked upon," and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France at Fontainebleau. For reasons assigned, Cellini sets out by himself leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposes to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, is specially warned to take care, "in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path." This house, the host tells him "belongs to the Chancellor Poyet, who says he does not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devotes himself for the good of the state, by idle

stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he has an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel me one day for walking too near his garden wall, and the Gascon Captain Sangfeu, who cut off poor Blaise's ear for doing as little." There is also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion; and it may be anticipated that Ascanio wanders that way. "A long garden, inclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back, and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

"He heard a low voice which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and listening more intently and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs and such expressions of sorrow as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and without further hesitation he ascended the tree. - - - Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under.

In a colloquy which ensues, she exhorts him to fly, tells him she is an orphan whom Poyet wants to force into marriage; and finally agrees to elope with her young lover.

"Ascanio clasped the maiden in his

arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good-humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustaches, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap just stuck on the left side of his head gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lips to enjoin silence when Ascanio looked up at him.

"Hush," he said, "it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape." Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer. He told him of the difficulty he had to get the lady over the wall."

While employed on this, "three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn.

"By St. Dennis we have been reckoning without our host," cried the stranger, "they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark," he said to Ascanio, "you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, Madam," he said, putting the lady on his horse, "and if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road till you come to Paris; inquire for the Nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the Abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will ensure you protection."

"The lady received the ring, and,

half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of the Gascon Captain, the porter, and a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight; they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the Captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and twisting it very lightly round his left arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as a man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the Captain's first blow, and dealt in return so shrewd a cut upon the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any further share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and to do him justice, the Gascon Captain was a fair match for most men. The stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new: and in less than five minutes the Captain lay beside the servant so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfeu. I have not forgotten an ill turn you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end of all, and you die as a soldier should." And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake," cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, Madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's

body until the shell struck against his breast-bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet.

"The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio, "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone!" and he held the horse while Ascanio mounted.

"But what will you do?" returned the youth.

"I am not far from home, and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse, he'll carry you six leagues in an hour. Good bye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who by his pawing seemed to know his master.

The lovers do indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and "his gallop was as wild as if it would never end." But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio is at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge.

"He was at this time living with Cellini, in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called *Il Piccol Nello*. Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady, for a short time at least, until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini.

"Among the odd whims which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars, had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of *Il Piccol Nello*. The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into

the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles, and a very terrible affair to look upon it was.

"Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old house-keeper, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed within side, conducted him up to his chamber.

"Cellini's oddities and the uncere- monious method he had adopted of getting possession of the *Il Piccol Nello*, had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the Counseillers du Parlement." This tailor becomes for certain reasons the implacable foe of Cellini. "He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of *Il Piccol Nello*, and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning till night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes, but as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing upon a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the *Testu di Marte* he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all

the lacquais of all the Conseillers he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in *Il Piccol Nello* was as well known as any other current lie in the city."

In this chamber Beatrice is placed: meanwhile the Chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade "none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight, and for this reason; two of them were stone-dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions." He however pursues the fugitives, "resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies, by an unlucky habit he had of threatening to kill people with whom he had any disputes. A practice which, although it has its advantages, would, if generally adopted, be highly injurious to all legal professions; and which, therefore, deserved the most severe reprobation of a Chancellor."

Aware of Cellini's favour with the King, he is obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head is therefore made the hinge on which the artist's ruin is to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the King's mistress, and his Majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, enter into the confederacy against him.

The confessor "devoutly believed" in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the Chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villainous project so well, that the good-natured King was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the Chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons

in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, 'did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works.'

"I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, 'but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the *Inferno*, I could not find worse fiends.'

"But here," said the king, holding out the papers, 'two men swear that you have a head of the devil in *Il Piccol Nello*, and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church.'

"The confessor crossed himself.

"I abjure the devil and his powers," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; 'and next to them, I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious Majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long.'

The King decides, on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was gone to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marte, wherein the Bride was lodged.

"The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor, the Chancellor. She could not see any of the persons unless she had looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself.

“‘And this,’ said the King, ‘is what they call the Devil’s Head.’

“‘Who calls it so?’ asked Cellini, fiercely, ‘it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the Devil is an ass and a liar!’

“‘Patience, good Benvenuto,’ said the King; ‘let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon.’

“The Chancellor, who had taken care upon the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth, and no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

“It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him; in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the King laughed until his sides ached.

“The Chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting that if he could once gain the assistance of the Clergy, they would

invent some pretext upon which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the King was much greater than his own, the Confessor fell into his scheme readily, and he said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The King had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite Church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The Confessor directed a large stack of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the Priests crossed themselves; even the King looked grave; Cellini’s hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor’s, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

“‘Fiends, monsters!’ he cried, ‘advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit.’

“Beatrice heard his voice, and almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach.

“‘What means all this?’ cried the King. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl to listen to the question.

“The old Chancellor, however, who

recognized Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation.

"My gracious liege," he cried, "this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household and having carried off the maiden by force."

"It is false," cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the King's feet, "they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your Majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection."

"But what says the youth?" asked the King, of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the Forest of Fontainebleau. "Has he any witness besides that maiden who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?"

"He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers," cried the Chancellor in a rage, "he has no witness."

"Thou art a liar though thou wert a thousand Chancellors," replied the youth; "and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but upon weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion."

"No, my liege," he added, turning to the King, and kneeling—"I have no witness save God and your Majesty."

"And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, Chancellor; by my

holy patron, St. Dennis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain, but know that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor Sangseu, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dare not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there I had done it myself." —

"The King and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the Chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again. He kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in *Il Piccol Nello* for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence, and said, that of all works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as

"LA TESTA DI MARTE."

We now give a specimen of the poetry—a canzonet:

My soul they say is hard and cold,  
And nought can move me;  
Perchance 'tis so 'midst life's wild whirl,  
But oh! on beauty's lips, my girl!  
'Twill melt like Cleopatra's pearl:  
Then love me—love me.

I would not climb th' ambitious heights  
That soar above me;  
I do not ask thee to bestow  
Or wealth or honours on me now,  
Or wreath with laurel leaves my brow,  
But love me—love me.

Oh! I'll gaze on thee till my fond  
Fixed glances move thee:  
Love's glance sometimes the coldest warms,  
Pygmalion on a statue's charms  
Gazed, till it leaped into his arms;  
Then love me—love me.

#### THE HARP OF TEARS.

LOVE, once on a time, with Sorrow \* his bride,  
Was amid the Nine bright Sisters' choir,  
And, as Sorrow was brushing a tear aside,  
It fell on the strings of a Muse's lyre.

Oh the golden chords had a soul before,  
But the warm drop gave them a heart beside;  
And Love has hallow'd the sweet harp more,  
Ever since it was wet by its tearful bride.

\* See Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful allegory of "Pity."

## MR. FAUNTLEROY.

**T**HE stoppage and ultimate bankruptcy of Messrs. Marsh and Co. in Berner's-street was a circumstance, in itself, sufficient to produce a more than *nine-days'* sensation. Though not bankers of the first order, with respect to the gross amount of capital entrusted to their care, the customers of the firm, in point of number, were perhaps more numerous than those of several of the banking-houses, which stand foremost in the ranks of wholesale estimation. A large proportion, also, of those whose interests were affected were probably of those descriptions to whom the loss, or the temporary privation even, of their hundreds, or their thousands, was of more consequence, both to their present credit, and their future prospects, than the tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of those great capitalists and proprietors, whose securities and rent-rolls are vested in the hands, and trusted to the management of the supposed *Cæsus* of the banking trade. They were bankers, in fact, in whose hands what monied men would call "small sums" were kept: that is to say, with whom tradespeople, and others of the middle orders of society, were in the habit of trusting the whole of that floating capital which their credit or their concerns rendered it necessary should be always at command; but which it was neither safe nor convenient to keep in their own bureaux. The number of families, therefore, whom the sudden stagnation of these resources must have thrown into perplexing difficulties, or overwhelmed with dismay, could not but be very considerable; as the dejected and anxious countenances of the multitude gathered around the doors, the day after the suspension of payment was declared, sufficiently evinced: and when the secondary and remote action upon those who, in the complicated chain of trading connexion, were implicated with the immediate sufferers, is considered, it cannot be at all surprising, that a very extensive emotion should have been awakened. Nor, when it is recollected how many bank-

ing houses there are in this metropolis similarly situated, with respect to the description of their transactions, and standing in no respect upon any higher grounds of credit and reputation, than the firm of Marsh and Co. had, for several years maintained, will it seem other than in the course of things, that an eager run of alarm and apprehension should be made upon the minor banking-houses, in general; and that one in particular (though deficient, perhaps, in nothing but immediately-availing resources to answer such unexpected demands), should have been obliged, a few days after, to follow the ominous example of avowing a temporary inability to answer such importunate claims. The wonder is rather, that more were not reduced to the same dilemma.

But these were, in reality, the slightest of the causes, which excited the general interest and discussion. "The extraordinary conduct of the partner, Mr. Fauntleroy" (to adopt the language of the firm itself, in the public announcement of their *temporary* suspension of payments), which was the immediate, and, for a while, supposed to be the *only* cause of failure, gave a direction to the general sympathy, more honourable perhaps to the social character of the public, than consoling to the conscious feelings of those to whom it was directed. "It was the crime of an individual," it was said, not the default of the general firm, that had produced the calamity, whatever might be its extent; and the partners were joint victims, not principals or voluntary agents, in the ruin." Nor were there wanting among the suffering creditors themselves, those, who expressed more compassion for three respectable families, hurled from esteem and affluence to distress and degradation, than for their own pecuniary embarrassments and losses.

The part that was taken, through the medium of the public press, to extend this feeling, is so fresh in remembrance, that it need not here be noticed, if it were not for the importance of warning the public against the uses that

may be made, as they are attempted to be made, of every discrepancy of that important organ, of its conduct in this particular. The rival eagerness of the numerous agents of that press to seize upon every flying rumour, that can gratify the avidity, "both of the great vulgar and the small," for mysterious anecdote, personality, and chit-chat (rather, perhaps, than malignant) slander, did most assuredly, for a while, blacken, much beyond the measure of equity and truth, the character of the unfortunate culprit. Accumulated charges of profligacy and prodigality were heaped upon the character of Mr. Fauntleroy, sufficient to have broken the backs of all the banking firms in the metropolis. To support his luxurious prodigalities, it was supposed, the enormous and undoubted forgeries had been committed; and Messrs. Marsh, Stracey, and Graham, together with all who had confided in them, were involved in ruin, by the unprincipled dissipation of the managing and confidential partner; who had appealed to forgery, when other resources failed, to supply his criminal indulgences.

To suspect those partners of having been accessory to the dissemination of these statements, would be as unauthorized, as it would be uncharitable; but surely it would not be improper to inquire whether, if they knew them to be untrue, they were not called upon, to discourage and contradict them? If the press was misled by gaping newsgatherers, who, like the spies of a distempered government, must have credulity or invention to make out a tale, if they mean to get bread by telling,—it was as open to them to confute the exaggerations, as it was, to the gleaners and glossers of the random gossip of clubs and coffee-houses to give them ephemeral currency.

But, perhaps, they may answer (for they might answer truly) that it was better to leave misrepresentation to its natural course—to let the lie of the day gossip itself out of breath; for that Mr. Fauntleroy, in the end, would be any thing rather than injured by the exaggerated colourings of his crime.

That such has been the result, is sufficiently obvious: that such must, ultimately, be the case with respect to all the aberrations of a *free press*, recollection and reflection will demonstrate: it is only inasmuch as it is *not free*, that the press can be permanently or ultimately injurious, even to those whom it wrongfully assails; for the day of reaction, *if it be free*, is sure to come; when the very wrongs it has committed will become graces.

Whence, but from this very cause, it may confidently be demanded, has arisen that very general and very liberal sympathy expressed for the impending fate of Mr. Fauntleroy?

Far be it from the thought of every friend to the essential justice of humanity, when the life of a fellow being is at stake, to step between the pleading pity of the public, however excited, and the attribute of mercy which "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown," and to which that sympathy appeals. But, assuredly, it may be said, without detriment to such appeal, which may be urged upon more cogent principles, that there is nothing, in the naked case of Mr. Fauntleroy to distinguish it so broadly from those of many a wretched victim, who has been quietly resigned to the merciless penalty of a sanguinary law, without a sigh or an effort in his behalf, except from private and personal connexions. It would be absurd to suppose, that the extent of the injury resulting from the crime, is the cause of the extensive sympathy exerted in favour of the criminal. Whence, then, has arisen this extraordinary sympathy, but primarily from those very exaggerations which the enemies of the public press, on every such occasion, would use as an argument for its suppression. It cannot be said that they had any influence in procuring the conviction. The Attorney-General found no political motive for availing himself of the prejudices excited; he repelled and discarded them, therefore, in a manner which, it is hoped, will be remembered as a precedent on all future occasions *whatever*; and nothing could be more candid and dispassionate than the whole proceedings.

Mr. Fauntleroy, in fact, was convicted, as far as *forgery* was at issue, upon his own evidence. He had most strangely recorded against himself, that he had committed a mass of forgeries, which should make the Bank smart for having injured the credit of his house. Let the Bank Directors beware, that in pursuing their victim to execution, they mingle, in their turn, no feeling of retaliative revenge. Some of them, perhaps, are members of the Bible Society ; or, at least, occasionally say their prayers. Let them remember, that in that short and beautiful formula, dictated by the author of their religion, and which sums up in a few words every thing, perhaps, which a Christian ought to pray for, there is a *clause of covenant*,—"forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ;" and let them remember that every man who pursues revenge (whether as an individual or a corporationist), every time that he pronounces this prayer, pronounces his own condemnation.

But to return to the cause of the general sympathy in behalf of the unhappy convict.

It became evident from the circumstances, which came out upon the trial, that the character of Mr. Fauntleroy had been much traduced—that his crime, at least, was free from many of the aggravations imputed, by previous rumour ; and it is now sufficiently notorious, that a part at least, of his plea of *palliation* is substantiated ; that the monies procured by his forgeries, were not, as had been rumoured, profligately wasted in debauchery and extravagance, but were regularly paid in to the general stock, to support the else tottering credit of the concern. Hence, to the creditors of the firm, the aspect of the *onus* of moral responsibility, for the default, becomes essentially altered ; and a question naturally arises, whether it was possible that the partners could be ignorant that *something* wrong was going on ? —that the large sums of money, by which their credit was, successively, bolstered, were, to say the least, mysteriously obtained : whatever reasons they might have for not inquiring into

the nature of the mystery. The public, in the mean time, in commiseration for the calumnies which had aggravated so unmercifully the offences of the criminal, extend their sympathies from the aggravation to the crime itself ; and by a reaction natural to the innate, though sometimes slumbering, benevolence of the human breast, finding that the offender has not been so guilty as they imagined, forego their resentment for the proven guilt.

Nor does the current of considerate inquiry pause even here. General conclusions, "of great pith and moment," are, not unfrequently, the results of the attention excited by individual occurrences. The eyes of the public seemed to have opened, at last, to the conviction, to which reason and humanity ought never to have been blind, that the punishment awarded is too heavy, and disproportioned to the offence : while the press itself, partaking of the reaction, urges on the prayer of mercy and forbearance ; and chimes in with, and diffuses, the general sentiment, that those only who have shed the blood of man, should pay the price of atonement with their blood.

This then, and not any peculiarity, in the particular case itself, is the true ground of petition for the life of Mr. Fauntleroy.

The necessary limits of this essay render it impracticable to enter, at large, into all the important considerations involved in the general subject ; or to amplify upon the axioms, however capable of illustration,—that all unnecessary punishments by death are no other than legalized murders ;—that murders, by the law, are, in fact, much more enormous and atrocious stains upon national character, than murders against the law ;—that the latter are the crimes of individuals only, the former are the crimes of the state ; and, as far as the nation can be regarded as assenting to such laws, are the crimes of the nation at large.

But the best way, perhaps, for the petitioners to fortify their plea is, by appeal, not to Scripture and Christianity (more talked of than revered in matters of government and legislation !) but to the politician's creed, ex-

pediency. This is, in fact, and, perhaps, for ever must be, while states and legislation last, the load-star of judicial enactment. Our constitutional lawyers well know, though the surly lexicographer, who still from the sepulchre dogmatizes over our language did not,\* that the object of punishment is not revenge, or even atonement, but prevention. "You are not hanged," said the judge to a remonstrating convict, "for stealing a sheep; but you are hanged that sheep may not be stolen."

The question then resolves itself into this, "Does experience of the past, or does what we know of the prospective passions and apprehensions of human nature, indicate that the punishment of death is an adequate, or the most *likely* preventive of the crime of forgery?" To the first part of this inquiry, the reply is obvious. Forgery has increased, and is increasing in despite of the sanguinary severity of the law;† and the crime, always, of necessity, confined to the comparatively educated classes, has kept climbing upwards, in the midst of increasing executions, till it has tainted some of almost the best families in the nation. It is a crime of gentlemen. And though, in all sane and moral estimation, the higher the rank of the offender, the more atrocious and unpardonable the offence; yet, *legislating for prevention*, we should consider only the motives of apprehension that are likely to be operative on the classes to whom the legislative prevention is to apply. Now, is the fear of death, the most powerful of preventive motives in the minds of gentlemen? Should

we acknowledge as a gentleman, or as worthy of gentlemanly association, the man whom we believed to be as much in dread of death, as of a life of branded infamy and degradation?

It may be true, indeed that, when it comes to the pinch—when the executioner and vital extinction are immediately before our eyes,—that the instinctive shrinking—the fearful clinging to mere consciousness and sensation, which belong to the frailty of our nature, may bow almost the proudest spirit; and life, upon almost any terms, may appear preferable to immediate dissolution.

"For who would lose

"Though full of pain, this intellectual being,

"Those thoughts that wander through eternity?"

But, for objects that are viewed in prospective distance, we have different and more reasoning eyes; and to the educated mind, familiar to the proud decencies and respectful distinctions of society, to die, to cease to be, to bid an eternal farewell to the embarrassments and anxieties that surround us—to the privations, the expulsion from the accustomed sphere of association that menace us, appears but a trifle, in comparison with the degrading toil, the branding front, the stigmatizing fetters, the felon's sordid garb, the wretched pallet, the noisome dungeon, and, worst of all, the contemptuous exposure and brutified assimilation, to which a less sanguinary code might condemn the educated and sensitive offender. It is, in fact, to avoid the *lesser* degradation, that the offence of forgery is frequently committed—that it was, as it appears, committed in the case in question. How horrible to imagination the *greater* which reason would therefore commend as the expedient of preventive legislation.

\* See the miserable misinterpretation of the word *punishment* in Johnson's Dictionary.

† In Scotland, where it is not punished with death, it is much less frequent.

#### TO A LADY, ON HEARING HER SING

"Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, Oh take me to your care!"

While you implore the angels' care,  
In strains so sweet, so soft, so rare,  
I tremble lest you should be heard,  
And they should take you at your word.

#### ON THE STATUE OF CUPID.

Nay, Chloe, gaze not on his form,  
Nor think the friendly caution vain;  
Those eyes the marble's self may warm,  
And look him into life again.

## PALACE OF CONSTANTIA IN INDIA, AND GENERAL MARTINE.

**C**ONSTANTIA is a curiosity in its kind, perhaps as great as any in Lucnow: it was built by General Martine, a French gentleman in the service of the late Nawaub, and his predecessor Asoph u Dowlah.

Martine was a native of Lyons, and came to India as a private soldier, where he served under Count Lally, and from his own activity and merit, advanced rapidly to a considerable rank; but having been disgusted or alarmed at certain threats which his commander let fall in the course of a negotiation entrusted by him to Martine once during the siege of Pondicherry, he took the earliest opportunity of making his escape and throwing himself on the protection of Sir Eyre Coote, who, doubtless glad to obtain the services and information of a man who had been very confidentially employed by his enemy, received him with distinction, and soon procured him a commission in the English army, in which he rose rapidly to the rank of captain; after which his brevet rank was by special favour permitted to go on till he reached that of major-general.

He accompanied Sir Eyre Coote to Lucnow, where he soon was established in the service of Asoph u Dowlah; and being a very ingenious mechanic, as well as an excellent surveyor and general engineer, he made himself so useful to that prince, that he could do nothing without his assistance, and in a comparatively short time he accumulated a prodigious fortune. Among the last of his undertakings was the building of Constantia, which was a speculation (like most things he did) in the hope of effecting a sale of it at a great profit to Saadut Allee. The place perhaps did not, under Martine's superintendence, cost above four lacs of rupees, but he demanded twelve as its price; which was refused, and the old man was so indignant at what he termed the meanness of the Nawaub, that he swore it never should be an habitation for him, and gave directions that when he himself died, his re-

mains should be deposited within it, thus converting it into a tomb, which alone would prevent any Mahometan from occupying it as a dwelling.

It soon became necessary to obey these directions: the general only lived to see his future tomb completed; he breakfasted in it one day only I believe, and was never after able to enter it. He died, and lies embalmed in a vault which he had constructed: it is said to contain specie. Lights are continually kept burning there, and two statues representing grenadiers, one at the head and one at the foot of the tomb, lean with their cheeks reclining upon the buts of their reversed muskets.

Martine was possessed of a very active and enterprising genius, and a strong and liberal mind; if we are to credit report, he was far from narrow or avaricious, although he accumulated immense wealth. He traded and speculated in every possible way, but with so much judgment and knowledge of his subject, that he seldom failed of success. He was perfect master of the nature and rates of exchanges throughout the country, and united in large transactions of that description the shroffs and moneyed men in various quarters. He was an excellent judge of jewels; and extraordinary stories are related of the sagacity he displayed in his dealings in this line, and the great profits he acquired by them. There was nothing he failed of turning to account; and he was wont himself to declare, that were he turned adrift on the world without a shilling at the age of sixty, he would not despair of dying rich, if it pleased God to prolong his life to the usual age of man.

Neither the amount nor disposition of his wealth, I believe, is accurately known; the former was, however, certainly very great, and the latter partook a great deal of the eccentricity of the owner's character. About fifty thousand pounds were left to his native city; and he directed that the house of Constantia should be kept

continually in repair, and that such strangers as should arrive at Lucnow unprovided with other quarters, should have the option of residing there for one month; or longer if not claimed by fresh arrivals. For this purpose, thirty thousand rupees annually are appropriated, and the expenditure of them was entrusted to a person of Portuguese family in the King's service. Martine left one son, born of a Native woman, to whom, though I never heard any thing amiss suspected, his father, by some strange inconsistency, left but the paltry allowance of one hundred rupees a month.

Constantia is a vast pile, situated on the banks of the Ghoomtee, overlooking a rich well-cultivated country, and in an extensive enclosure, well wooded with mango and other fruit-trees. Upon the portico of entrance may be seen the motto of the General, "*Patientia et Constantia*," to the spirit of which he fully conformed in his life. The building consists of a main body, and two wings rising in many stories of very fanciful architecture to a great height, and diminishing gradually to a fantastic look-out, resembling, at a distance, the crown-like steeples of some old churches, upon which is erected a flag-staff. The walls of the wings, and of each story in the main building, are balustraded, and surmounted with gigantic statues representing human beings and animals, in such multitudes that they appear to cover the whole upper part of the building with a fringe of filagree work, and thus produce a singular effect. These statues, cast in clay, and painted, mimic almost every living thing to be found on earth. Among them may be discovered copies of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, figures of men and women in the costumes of almost every country, with birds and animals of all sorts: and the arrangement of them is at least as *bizarre* as the quantity is confounding. A Venus de Medicis, an Antinous, or a Mercury, may be seen close to a Dutch dairy-maid churning butter, a burgomaster, or a Swiss peasant; or a French petit-maitre, exchanging civilities with a

Chinese mandarin, or a solemn brahmin. Yet the effect, though ludicrous, is not so offensive as might be supposed. Grandeur is indeed lost, but amusement and interest remain. It is after the rainy season that these groups cut an unhappy figure: the materials of which they are composed not being of a description to support moisture, they become miserably injured; legs, arms, and heads drop off, the paint is washed away, and the whole assumes a very curious appearance, until the annual repairs take place, after which the statues recover their lost limbs, and the mansion resumes its gay dress.

The ground-floor of this building is calculated for coolness; the apartments are lofty and spacious; the floor is of marble; the high vaulted roof is fretted and adorned with cameo medallions, of white upon a blue ground: the walls are adorned with gold and silver work, mingled with various colours, in a rich and fanciful though somewhat tawdry style. There seems no end to the succession of chambers, small and great, of every form, and as variously fitted up, some with orchestras as for musicians, others with galleries all round. The second story is less lofty, but contains several apartments fitted up with fireplaces or stoves for the cold season, and more calculated for comfort; the major part is, however, divided into a wonderful number of multiform chambers, communicating with each other in extraordinary ways; and all carved, fretted, and painted like those below. The third story is in the same taste, but contains fewer rooms; and a succession of narrow stair-cases and ladders lead first to the balconies and terraced roofs, and thence to the lofty look-out above all.

The whole building is calculated to facilitate defence, and prevent surprises in case of attack in an insecure country, without carrying the appearance of a formal fortification: it is fire-proof, not having a piece of wood used in its whole construction; the roofs are all vaulted, and the doors and window shutters are of iron. There is no grand staircase; a defect both in appearance and convenience; but a vast additional means of security, for,

the only means of communication between the stories being by narrow spiral staircases, a single man could defend them against an army. Many of the passages from one apartment to another have been made thus poor and narrow upon the same principle; and there are multitudes of secret places for concealment, formed in the thickness of the walls and in the corners of the house. It is indeed a place quite unique in its kind, and the

grounds, considering the country, are almost as singularly laid out. A large garden in the old French taste, divided into numerous alleys, bordered with trees cut into various fantastic forms, stretches behind it; while in front has been excavated a large oval tank, in the centre of which rises a pillar of more than one hundred feet in height, erected by direction and according to the plan left by the late General Martine, which serves as his monument.

#### ON METROPOLITAN AUCTIONS.

**A**N auction is no new subject to descant upon. Buyers of bargains were well ridiculed in the Spectator; and the eagerness of ladies (and gentlemen, too, for that matter), at a sale, when anxious to possess themselves of any article on which they had set their hearts, even bidding upon themselves, has before now furnished writers for the public eye with the means of amusement for their readers.

Unquestionably there is considerable pleasure to be derived from attending an auction, by a close observer, who goes there without the intention of purchasing, and who moreover is resolute enough not to be caught with a great bargain. The quick, ready eye of the auctioneer; his wit, if he has any, and for which there is great scope, though some of the present race are dull enough;—the contrast in the behaviour of his audience:—the cool and apparently indifferent manner of the old attendants and good judges;—the precipitation of the young and inexperienced;—the plots, counter-plots, and manœuvres of various parties in the room to outwit each other in bidding for and procuring what they are in want of;—the remarks and opinions, right or wrong, of the talkative portion of the company; the absolute sway of the auctioneer during the period of his *exaltation*,—are all fraught with much that is interesting and entertaining.

I have often smiled to see the pretty little tricks of some of the thorough-paced and well-known attendants at sales, to prevent dealers in the same

commodity from knowing when they make a bid. These people seldom bid *vivâ voce*: for they will contrive to get between their opponent and the auctioneer, keeping an eye upon each, taking care that the one towards the auctioneer is not out of sight of the other bidder; with this eye they wink their bids most dexterously, while the opposing party will be looking about, and wondering who is bidding against him;—others do the thing with a silent nod;—another sort get quite out of sight, behind the pulpit, and tug at the auctioneer's coat-tail at every bid, to the great danger of his skirts, each pull going for sixpence, a shilling, or half-a-crown, as the case may be;—and others again will get on one side of the hammer-armed gentleman, and poke some part of his body with the end of a pencil, for the same purpose. With these and with sundry other sorts of "*inexplicable dumb show*," which is *explicable* enough to the auctioneer, I have seen great quantities of goods bought and sold: but there is still another sort, who go even nearer the wind than all these, and who, after looking at the goods, will leave a list of prices with the salesman or his clerk, who will buy for them, and then declare the name, when the party is not even in the room; but, in this case, they must be well able to trust the auctioneer, who would otherwise run them up to the extent of their price.

My last remark reminds me of a sad trick of very many auctioneers—that of *running*, as it is called. If they

see a person eager and apparently determined to possess any article, they will run upon them; that is, declare higher biddings, without, in fact, having any—thus urging them on; and they will do the same, if any thing is likely to go at what they think too low a price. This, they would say, was *fair* to their employers; but it is hardly fair to the public. I have many times seen an auctioneer caught in his own trap, in this running system, being obliged to knock it down to his own surreptitious bid at last: he then either declares some fictitious name, or, pretending the buyer will not declare himself, puts up the lot again.

This, and the system of *rigging*, are the bane of sales, and are known to be detested by the honourable members of the trade. To many this *rigging* will want a little explanation:—It is when one man, or a set of men, make up an entire sale, or part of one; for all sales nearly are, more or less, mixed in this way: but in some it is carried to a shameful length. The goods, where there is a *rig*, whether furniture or otherwise, are generally either damaged, or got up on purpose, in a shabby but showy way; and the owners of them, or their *puffers* (persons sent to keep up the price), are mingled with the company, watching and seeking whom they may devour; and, unfortunately, they are often respectable-looking persons, and have even females amongst them; for, alas! females are their principal prey on these occasions. If the lady seems desirous of any lot, she is marked down as a sportsman marks his game; and one will insinuate that the article is cheap at such or such a price, while another will keep bidding upon the lady. They will sometimes even affect to be generous, and tell the dupe, after having got a good price, that if *she* wants the lot, they will give it up to her, and so forth. It is incalculable how much is done in this way, especially at the west end of the town, and principally in furniture, as could be avowed by numberless sufferers. One caution I can give persons against these sham sales, if they happen to

read the advertisements in the papers; which is, that such advertisements are generally more flowery than others, though most of them are flowery enough; and you are invariably told, that you may have catalogues at the place of sale, and at the *auctioneer's*; but where these auctioneers reside is never stated. Whenever this is the case, that sale is a *rig*, depend on it.

When there is a genuine sale, whether of furniture or other goods, the dealers in the article, whatever it may be, generally join together to purchase, making, in fact, a sort of combination among themselves to keep the prices down; and this is, perhaps, the only good reason that can be given in defence of an auctioneer's *running*, as mentioned before. But it is not always that he is aware of the existence of the combination, for each of the parties will in turn bid for the lots; but then he will never be opposed by the rest of his associates: of course, by this means they frequently get articles much cheaper than if they were in opposition to each other. It is technically called being in *the cab*: and after the sale is over the whole party will retire to a tavern, and proceed to *knock out*—another technical term for putting up the lots again among themselves, for they all mark their catalogues; and in this way many a poor Jew and Gentile will get their pound or two in a day without, in fact, really purchasing any thing. They are admitted into *the cab* by the large buyers, upon the same principle that the Indians are said to worship the devil—that of fear; for these men possess judgment, if not money, and would, therefore, if not admitted, make the others pay larger prices. When the *knock out* or second sale is over, the increase given upon the whole of the lots are collected, cast up, and equally divided amongst the whole of the party.

It is hardly worth mentioning the mock auctions of glass, china, tea-caddies, &c. which are held in shops in our most public streets; for almost every child is aware of the gross and barefaced impositions practised at these

places, where the public is cheated out of its money, and government of its duty.

A very curious sort of sale, common in the metropolis, is that of pawnbrokers' pledges, though even into these other property is often introduced; this sort of sale is principally curious from the very odd mixture of articles in a lot, which having been pawned together to raise money, are obliged by act of parliament to be sold together; take for instance the following lots from a catalogue which is laying by me :

"A patch-work quilt, a coat, and two bibles.

A pair of trousers, a set of fire-irons, and a petticoat.

A pair of boots, a table-cloth, and a necklace.

A shirt, a table-spoon, and an opera-glass.

A silk scarf, and a drawing in a gilt frame.

A Dutch clock, a rug, and two snuff-boxes."

And these are but a few strange mixtures; for much stranger medleys

than these might be easily picked out, *ad infinitum*, from the catalogue of Eddes, Robins, and Machin. Many of the attendants at these sales are the children of Israel, who are dealers in every thing, from the most costly watch or article of jewelry, to the very lowest and most worthless description of cast-off clothing; all of which, the very best and the very worst, may be seen at pledge sales. At these sales the king's duty of five per cent. is paid by the buyer; and I have often thought that the clerk's perquisites, at the end of a large sale, arising from the fractions of duty, must be considerable.

In winding up these desultory remarks on auctions, &c. I can only say that whoever ventures into a sale-room should not only have money in their pockets, but judgment in their heads, or they must infallibly run a great risk of being cheated either by others or themselves.

#### THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, OR CABINET OF POETRY AND ROMANCE.

WITH NUMEROUS SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.

**C**ERTAINLY England is the land for competition. The worst of schemes and the most ridiculous of follies never want their votaries; and when any thing good is started and succeeds, it is no wonder that there should soon be plenty of rivalry and emulation. Thus it has been with Annuals, if we may so designate publications of the kind now before us. The date is not very distant when a few silly almanacks, Moore's, the Belfast, the Aberdeen, and such like trumpery, were all the productions which a coming year required or obtained. Neater Diaries, with blank leaves for memoranda, were then sparingly introduced: and these paved the way for a number of Pocket Books, with useful lists, &c. suited to the wants of persons in various ranks of life. And here improvement paused for a long time, till Mr. Ackerman followed the example of the Continent, and set the example to our island, of combining graceful literature with the New Year's Gift, and rendering it wor-

thy of the mind, while the Fine Arts were employed to render it pleasing to the eye. Original genius was called into effort where before nothing but the phases of the moon were noted; a pretty tale usurped the place of a senseless hieroglyphic, and a sweet poem deposed the ancient Twelve Signs of the Zodiac with the bellman lines which told of their divine dominion over the parts of the human body. The public was much gratified with the exchange of pleasure and rationality for mummery and nonsense; and the 'Forget me not' was as popular as it deserved to be.

The natural consequence of this popularity in a country abounding in capital and enterprize, was, that many other works of the same character should spring up and advance their pretensions to a share of public favour. We have already mentioned one, 'Friendship's Offering,' in addition to the 'Forget me not,' for the ensuing year; and we have now to notice in the forthcoming 'Literary Souvenir,'

another richly endowed claimant for attention and patronage. Indeed it boasts such a catalogue of contributors, that were one half of their compositions to be published as a volume at any period of the year, we should be inclined to rank it amongst the most striking productions of the press, and treat it, perhaps, with greater consideration than we pay to the whole together, assuming the more toy-like shape of a Christmas offering. That the 'Souvenir' rises far above this order will be felt when we state, that among its contents are original pieces by Sir W. Scott, Campbell, Bowles, Hemans, the author of the *Improvisatrice*, Montgomery, Maturin, Allan Cunningham, Archdeacon Wrangham, Wiffen, A. A. Watts (the Editor,) Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, and many other well known names, as well as anonymous contributions by very able

writers who have chosen to remain incognito.

There are, in fact, above sixty Tales, Romances, and Poems, &c. by these distinguished persons; and the volume is adorned by several admirable engravings of subjects well chosen for its illustration. That it therefore assumes a degree of interest which leads us into something like a regular review and criticism is not surprising; but where so many beauties offer themselves to us for selection, we should do wrong to indulge farther in this wordy propensity. Adieu, then, to our prose: make way for some of the poetry of the *Souvenir*, and as we are true lovers of their delicious talents—*Places aux Dames!* How finely does our charming Mrs. Hemans display her noble feelings in 'The Grave of Körner'—a hero worthy to be mourned by a female lyre.

Green wave the Oak for ever o'er thy rest!  
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,  
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,  
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest!  
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,  
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, Bard! rest, Soldier!—By the Father's hand,  
Here shall the Child of after-years be led,  
With his wreath-offering silently to stand  
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.  
Soldier and Bard!—For thou thy path hast trod  
With Freedom and with God!

The Oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite!  
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,  
And with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight  
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee,  
And the deep guns with rolling peals gave token,  
That Lyre and Sword were broken!

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed  
Is hers, the gentle girl, beside thee lying,  
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,  
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.  
Brother! true friend! the tender and the brave!  
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others—but for her  
To whom the wide earth held that only spot—  
—*She* loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,  
And in your early deaths divided not!  
Thou hast thine Oak—thy trophy—what hath she?  
Her own blest place by thee.

It was thy spirit, Brother! which had made  
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,

"\* The Poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany."

Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,  
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky !  
Ye were but two !—and when that spirit passed,  
Woe for the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long !—She lingered but to trace  
Thine image from the image in her breast ;  
Once, once again to see that buried face  
But smile upon her ere she went to rest !  
Too sad a smile !—its living light was o'er,  
It answered hers no more !

The Earth grew silent when thy voice departed,  
The Home too lonely whence thy step had fled ;  
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ?  
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !  
Softly she perished—be the flower deplored  
Here, with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ?—So let those trust,  
That meet for moments but to part for years,  
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,  
That love where love is but a fount of tears !  
Brother ! sweet Sister !—peace around ye dwell ;  
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !

Beautiful as this is, we can place a fit companion by its side in the lines which L. E. L. has written to illustrate the engraving of 'The Decision of the Flower,' from Göethe's *Faustus*. They are at once playful, and replete with tender sentiment.

--- 'Tis a history  
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.  
*Southey's Thalaba.*

There is a flower, a purple flower,  
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,  
O'er which Love has breathed a power and spell  
The truth of whispering hope to tell.  
Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest  
The pillow of her dreaming rest,  
Yet a crimson blush is over it spread  
As her lover's lip had lighted its red.  
Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought  
The image of her waking thought,—  
That one thought hidden from all the world,  
Like the last sweet hue in the rose-bud curled.  
The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,  
The silver veil which the morning weaves,  
To throw o'er the roses, those brides which the sun  
Must woo and win ere the day be done.  
She braided back her beautiful hair  
O'er a brow like Italian marble fair.  
She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears  
Like an eastern army its golden spears.  
The lark flew up as she passed along,  
And poured from a cloud his sunny song ;  
And many bright insects were on wing,  
Or lay on the blossoms glistening ;  
And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,  
Found the maiden her mystic flower.  
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell  
If my lover loves me, and loves me well ;  
So may the fall of the morning dew  
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue,  
Now I number the leaves for my lot,  
He loves not, he loves me, he loves me not,  
He loves me,—yes, thou last leaf, yes,  
I'll pluck thee now, for that last sweet guess !  
"He loves me," "Yes," a dear voice sighed :—  
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

Great though be the masculine names which adorn these pages, we are sure the proudest of them would be flattered by following in this train. Yet we are at a loss whom to station foremost. Stand forth, however, James Hogg, for thy verse is chivalrous, imaginative, and gallant.

## INVOCATION TO THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

No Muse was ever invoked by me,  
But a harp uncouth of olden key;  
And with her have I ranged the border green,  
The Grampians stern, and the starry sheen;  
With my gray plaid flapping around the strings,  
And my ragged coat with its waving wings.  
But ay my heart beat quick and high,  
When an air of heaven in passing by  
Breathed on the mellow chords, and then  
I knew it was no earthly strain;  
But a rapt note borne upon the wind  
From some blest land of unbodied kind;  
But whence it flew, or whether it came  
From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,  
Or the seraph choir, as passing away  
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,  
When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,  
And the sun-beam kissed its watery breast;  
In vain I looked to the cloud over head;  
To the echoing mountain, dark and dread;  
To the sun-fawn fleet, and aerial bow;  
I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,  
O'er Fancy's region that reign'st supreme!  
Thou lovely thing of beauty so bright,  
Of everlasting new delight;  
Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee;  
Of all that teases,  
And all that pleases,  
All that we fret at, yet love to see.  
In petulance, pity, and passions refined,  
Thou emblem extreme of the female mind!

Thou seest thyself, and smil'st to see  
A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee;  
But sure thou wilt come, with thy tuneful train,  
To assist in his last and lingering strain.  
O come from thy halls of the emerald bright,  
Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,  
That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,  
And ope to the light of the modest moon;  
I long to hail the enchanting mien  
Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen,  
Her rokelay of green with its starry hue,  
Its warp of the moonbeam and web of the dew;  
The smile where a thousand witcheries play,  
And the eye that steals the soul away;  
The strains that tell they were never mundane,  
And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane;  
Ere now have I heard their tinklings light,  
And seen my Queen at the noon of the night  
Pass by with her train in the still moonlight.

Then she, who raised old Edmund's lay  
Above the strains of the olden day;  
And waked the bard of Avon's theme  
To the visions of a midnight's dream;  
And even the harp that rang abroad  
O'er all the paradise of God,  
And the sons of the morning with it drew,  
By her was remodelled and strung anew.

Come thou to my bower deep in the dell,  
Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell,—  
That land of a thousand gilded domes,  
The richest region that Fancy roams!

I have sought for thee in the blue harebell,  
And deep in the foxglove's silken cell,  
For I feared thou hadst drank of its potion deep,  
And the breeze of this world had rocked thee asleep.  
Then into the wild rose I cast mine eye,  
And trembled because the prickles were nigh,  
And deemed the specks on the foliage green  
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen;  
Then gazing, wondered if blood could be  
In an immortal thing like thee!  
I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,  
And sought in the lily's snowy breast;  
At gloaming lain on the dewy lea  
And looking to a twinkling star for thee,  
That nightly mounted the orient sheen,  
Streaming with purple and glowing with green,  
And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,  
My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,  
And lay my ear to the hollow ground,  
To the little air-springs of central birth  
That bring low murmurs out of the earth;  
And there would I listen in breathless way,  
Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,  
And the mole deep grubbing in darkness drear,  
That little blackamoor pioneer;  
Nought cheered me, on which the daylight shone,  
For the children of darkness moved alone;  
Yet neither in field nor on flowery heath,  
In heaven above nor in earth beneath,  
In star nor moon nor midnight wind,  
His elvish Queen could her Minstrel find.

But now have I found thee, thou vagrant thing,  
Though where I neither may say nor sing;  
But it was in a home so passing fair  
That an angel of light might have lingered there;  
It was in a palace never wet by the dew,  
Where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew,  
Where the ruddy cheek of youth ne'er lay,  
And never was kissed by the breeze of day;  
As sweet as the woodland airs of even,  
And pure as the star of the western heaven;  
As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,  
And soft as the down of the solan's breast.

Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,  
Though spirits yell on the midnight steep,  
Though the earth should quake when nature is still,  
And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill.  
Though the moon should scowl through her pall of gray,  
And the stars fling blood on the Milky Way;  
Since now I have found thee I'll hold thee fast  
Till thou garnish my song,—it is the last:  
Then a maiden's gift that song shall be,  
And I'll call it a Queen for the sake of thee.

As a contrast, we copy the honourable picture of domestic happiness and affection which Allan Cunningham has painted, with his pen dipped in all the colours of truth.

## THE POET'S BRIDAL DAY SONG.

O ! my love's like the steadfast sun,  
 Or streams that deepen as they run ;  
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
 Nor moments between sighs and tears,—  
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—  
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows  
 To sober joys and soften woes,  
 Can make my heart or fancy flee  
 One moment, my sweet wife, from thee !

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
 In maiden bloom and matron wit—  
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;  
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
 As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
 We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon  
 Set on the sea an hour too soon ;  
 Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,  
 When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
 Five sons and æ fair daughters sweet ;  
 And time and care and birth-time woes  
 Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose ;  
 To thee and thoughts of thee belong  
 All that charms me of tale or song ;  
 When words come down like dews unsought  
 With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,  
 And fancy in her heaven flies free—  
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old  
 To silver than some give to gold ;  
 'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
 What things should deck our humble bower !  
 'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee  
 The golden fruit from Fortune's tree ;  
 And sweeter still to choose and twine  
 A garland for these locks of thine—  
 A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
 While rivers flow and woods are green.  
 At times there come, as come there ought,  
 Grave moments of sedater thought,—  
 When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
 One gleam of her inconstant light ;  
 And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
 Shines like the rainbow through the shower ;  
 O then I see, while seated nigh,  
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye ;  
 And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
 Speak of thee more than words can speak ;  
 I think the wedded wife of mine  
 The best of all that's not divine !

Poets can imagine what they please. How different from the foregoing is the following, signed Bion, but evidently by a hand of superior order !

FIDELITY.—(*From the Spanish.*)

One eve of beauty, when the sun  
 Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,  
 To gold converting, one by one,  
 The ripples of the mighty river ;  
 Beside me on the bank was seated  
 A Seville girl with auburn hair,  
 And eyes that might the world have cheated,  
 A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair !

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,  
 Just as the loving sun was going,  
 With such a soft, small, shining hand,  
 I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.  
 Her words were three, and not one more,  
 What could Diana's motto be?  
 The Syren wrote upon the shore—  
 'Death, not inconstancy!'

And then her two large languid eyes  
 So turned on mine, that, devil take me,  
 I set the air on fire with sighs,  
 And was the fool she chose to make me.  
 Saint Francis would have been deceived  
 With such an eye and such a hand;  
 But one week more, and I believed  
 As much the woman as the sand.

It is one of the charms of this little book, that every new subject changes its tone, and that we are amused by the transitions, from grave to gay—from serious to sportive. Thus Mr. Montgomery, in his 'Friends,' again recalls us to sober thoughts.

Friend after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end;  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—  
 Beyond the reign of death,—  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!

There is a world above  
 Where parting is unknown;  
 A long eternity of love  
 Formed for the good alone;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are past away;  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day:  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

Mr. Bowles has a very striking dramatic sketch on a historical passage, of which it is rather extraordinary that Shakspeare did not make any use in his *Richard III.*; we allude to the flying of Elizabeth with her second son to the sanctuary, as related by Speed. But this is too long for quotation, and we must be contented with the following neat Apologue from the same pen.

#### THE SWALLOW AND THE RED-BREAST.

The swallows at the close of day,  
 When autumn shone with fainter ray,  
 Around the chimney circling flew,  
 Ere yet they bade a long adieu  
 To climes where soon the winter drear  
 Shall close the unrejoicing year.  
 Now with swift wing they skim aloof,  
 Now settle on the crowded roof,

As council and advice to take,  
 Ere they the chilly north forsake ;  
 Then one disdainful turned his eye  
 Upon a red-breast twittering nigh,  
 And thus began, with taunting scorn—  
 "Thou household imp, obscure forlorn,  
 Through the deep winter's dreary day,  
 Here, dull and shivering shalt thou stay,  
 Whilst we who make the world our home,  
 To softer climes impatient roam,  
 Where Summer, still on some green isle,  
 Rests, with her sweet and lovely smile.  
 Thus speeding, far and far away,  
 We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true, (the red-breast answered meek,)  
 No other scenes I ask, or seek ;  
 To every change alike resigned,  
 I fear not the cold winter's wind.  
 When spring returns, the circling year  
 Shall find me still contented here ;  
 But whilst my warm affections rest  
 Within the circle of my nest,  
 I learn to pity those that roam,  
 And love the more my humble home."

We cannot say that any of the productions in this volume, high as is their merit, have pleased us more than the following. The two leading ideas in the first part are most poetically expressed, and the application in the end is very effective. It is written by Mr. Hervey, whose *Australia* we recently reviewed, and is entitled 'The Convict Ship.'

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,  
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;  
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;  
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;  
 The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
 And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along ;  
 See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :  
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
 Over the waters,—away and away !  
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart !  
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
 Oh ! there are hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,  
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !  
 Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,  
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?  
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !  
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,  
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?  
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding—  
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts which are parted and broken forever ?

Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?  
 'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,  
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !  
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
 With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled ;  
 All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,  
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs ;—  
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;  
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er !

#### TALES OF IRISH LIFE.

**T**HESE tales are sixteen in number, and embellished with many excellent designs by Cruikshank, which form no small addition to their own intrinsic worth. But the principal feature in their character is, their moral tendency and attraction by novelty: it should, we imagine, be no slight constraint upon the will of any man of taste, to read one tale out of the sixteen without reading all ; for while the reader is made to enter, as it were, into the prejudices, notions, and spirit of a people, of whose real character, Englishmen, notwithstanding the proximity of England to Ireland, comparatively speaking, know nothing, he is at the same time entertained with the narration of well known circumstances, wrought into story so happy and so agreeable, as even to gain the good opinion of the lover of novel writing and romance. How well the tales are also calculated to please and instruct the Irish, the following will, we are convinced, sufficiently testify. The short space to which we are limited, leaves us under the necessity of abridging it considerably.

##### HENRY AND ELIZA.

“ Henry’s application to a friend in Dublin procured him a situation in the counting-house of an extensive bleacher within twelve miles of Armagh. Flattering as the situation was, he could not but join in the regret which his mother testified that he should go to the North ; for the Turks have not a stronger prejudice against the Persians than the catholics of Munster

have against the protestants of Ulster : and, in truth, it must be observed, the criminal hatred is reciprocal. Remote causes and the existing difference in religious sentiments have created in the two districts rival parties, who join opposition of opinion to the most malignant animosity. The Orangemen of the North and the Ribandmen of the South, whatever their partizans may say of either, at least equal one another in hatred, folly, and bigotry.

“ Man is the slave of circumstances ; and, however unwilling Henry might be to trust himself to the fury of the Orange North, he thought it well to comply with the appointment, flattering himself that his sedulous forbearance from party disputes and religious animosities would secure him from insult ; and that, however the Northerners might despise and ridicule his faith, they still would be obliged to respect his forbearance from wilfully giving any offence. His mother took every parental care to fortify the mind of her son against the attacks which she apprehended the proselyting ministers of a condemned creed would make upon his unprotected youth. She also instilled into his breast the most prominent objection to the established Church, at the same time not forgetting to remind him of the essential articles of her own, telling him ‘ that it avail-eth a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose his own soul.’ Mrs. Fitzgerald, though she had Protestant friends whom she acknowledged to be the best and kindest, was still so far immersed in error that she adhered to

the literal meaning of the creed of St. Athanasius, charitably consigning all to the eternity of perdition who did not say their prayers in the same manner as herself. Henry's sister only whispered him not to forget to write frequently, and that she prophesied he would be married to a Protestant wife. Innocent and unsophisticated youth! what a pity that your generous bosoms should ever imbibe the malign prejudice of age, or surrender the purity of benevolence to the icy coldness of bigoted animosity.

"Henry was twenty years of age (one year older than his sister) on the day when he entered into the employment of Mr. M'Arthur, of Ballymore bleach-green. Like the man with jaundiced eyes who saw every thing yellow, Henry thought he perceived in every countenance, at first, the striking lineaments of an Orangeman, notwithstanding the placid goodness of every face around him was in direct opposition to his observations. Mr. M'Arthur, though a man of business, was not without the cheerful levity of his countrymen: he certainly hated the Pope and Popery, but still he liked a good fellow, and he knew some very good fellows who were Papists; but he never troubled himself with thinking of any other thing than the cheapest and most expeditious way of whitening linen, and the price of it, or he would have discovered that a whole people, however numerous, are composed of individuals who are generally hated because they are not known. He had not been more fortunate in having many children, than he had been in settling most of them happily in his own neighbourhood; for, out of ten, two only remained at home, the other eight being married as respectably as he could wish, and all living within a circle of eight miles. One of those who remained at home was a son, George, who was now able to take care of his father's concerns, thereby affording the old man more leisure to visit his friends, or to entertain them conjointly with his youngest daughter, Eliza, who, though fast approaching that age in which ladies regulate their features for compliments,

was as untameable as a mountain deer. In the careful attention which had been paid to Eliza's sisters, though she was not quite forgotten, she was partly neglected. She learned every thing according to her own mode, studied or read what books she pleased, and boasted of being 'a pupil of Nature;' and if a heart the most innocent and generous, and a form the most lovely and perfect, were sufficient to establish her claim, she was worthy of the title. In all she said or did there was neither affectation nor malice; for it was remarked that she never gave displeasure, except in doing something innocently mischievous, her conduct being as far removed from inconsiderate levity as it was devoid of formal prudery. To heal, rather than to wound, she sported her wit; to amuse others, rather than to acquire applause, she promoted hilarity by the fascination of her manners and charms that could not be resisted. 'Heavens!' exclaimed Henry, still adhering to his rigid principles, 'what a pity she is a Protestant!'

"Hospitality is the characteristic of the Irish: profusion in the South, that banishes economy; economy in the North, with plenty, devoid of profusion. Social meetings in Munster are frequent and extravagant: in Ulster they are also frequent, but never prodigal. The one borders on unostentation, the other on elegance; and both of them arising from the peculiar habits and feelings of the people: those in the South priding themselves on their ancestors, whose improvidence they emulate; whilst those in the North being dependent on trade, wisely refuse to squander in riot that which had been procured by patient industry. M'Arthur's house was frequently the scene of family meetings, in which a polished, though not fashionable, society gave charms to life, that those who never knew how much pleasure every shade of society admits of would consider a monotonous round of money-getting. Here Henry was admitted by that delicate kindness which feels for bashful modesty; and whenever he became embarrassed by any political discussion, which, in mixed companies, is

unavoidable, Eliza was sure to extricate him by some ingenious sophism or some good-humoured apology. This generous interference, so unexpected, caused him to examine more closely into the virtues of this pleasing creature, and to doubt the truth of his cherished dogmas respecting salvation. 'Impossible,' he says to himself, 'that one so good and truly amiable should be consigned to unmitigated suffering.'

"The counting-house was frequently undisturbed by the entrance of any one on business in this secluded part of the country: at such times Henry and young M'Arthur were in the habit of relaxing their attention from folios and ledgers, and indulging themselves in conversation. George M'Arthur had been regularly initiated into the Constitutional Society of Orangemen, as it is designated by themselves. Bred to business, his leisure afforded few opportunities for reading; and the little he did read was of that select sort which improved the absurd prejudices which had been infused into his young mind by his companions. Whoever thinks wrong, will think, also, inconsistently: George considered a Papist as deficient in courage as he thought him sanguinary and cruel. The history of Derry he had frequently read in Hume and Leland; the late rebellion and the massacre of 1641 he never could separate from Popish intolerance and inhumanity; yet he never could think but that Irishmen were the most hospitable and brave on the globe; but, when he descended from generals to particulars, he could give his Catholic countrymen no credit for bravery. Against them he instanced Derry, Boyne, and Aughran, forgetful of Limerick, the Shannon, and Wexford. He dwelt with animated satisfaction on the patient and heroic courage of Walker, but never heard of the conduct of the Catholic Bishop of Clonmel when that town was besieged by Cromwell. He ridiculed the superstition of Catholic idolatry, but was a firm believer in the river ghosts of his own country. With sentiments like these, he expected to see in Henry a kind of Popish monster; nor could he conceal his astonishment when he

found him a rational being. To atone for his erroneous suspicions, he made Henry his companion of a Sunday; and when they sometimes indulged themselves a little too late from home, he confessed that Henry was as bold, boisterous, and as good-humoured, as any Orangeman. A few trials convinced him that his companion could be a friend, and a few arguments showed him that a Papist was not quite as absurd as he considered him. Prejudice began to subside; and, like a falling body, the farther it descends, the quicker is the acceleration. In a short time George had very little prejudice at all.

"Eliza, like the fabled fawn, grew bold by degrees. She first visited the office only when her brother was there; but, as she became familiar with Henry, she never looked to see whether he was there or not. Her departure was always preceded by the ink falling on the ledger, the spoiling of the office knife, or the approach of her father; but, when the old man was gone to Armagh or Belfast, office business was frequently suspended. Her brother, though older and very steady, was obliged to join the sport. The young are guilty of indiscretions which fastidious age will condemn, but which venerable wisdom must laugh at. Eliza could dance and sing, and George and Henry were obliged to join her. Moore's Melodies were her favourites; for she was accustomed to say, 'They will teach patriotism and liberality to the women, and the men must learn from the ladies.' Henry in obedience to her mandate was obliged to sing, perhaps at one o'clock in the day, that song beginning with 'Come send round the wine, and leave points of belief,' &c.; the last stanza of which he was obliged to repeat:—

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?  
No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try  
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

"Subjected thus daily to the presence and awake to the innocent gaiety of this unsophisticated beauty, he conquered his bigotry, and confessed to his own heart that Omnipotent good-

ness never created her for any happiness less than Heaven !

" Ballymony was the scene of happy industry for two years, when some speculation made it necessary that George M'Arthur should proceed to New York, as supercargo, with an extensive shipment of linen cloth. Henry was to occupy his confidential situation until his return. George bade him take care of Eliza, who showed, on his departure, more real fondness than he thought one so volatile was capable of. The vessel sailed from Belfast, and in three days doubled the Land's End ; but on the fourth day, an unexpected storm springing up, they were driven far to the westward. At night the wind changed, but the storm continued unabated : at daylight the south islands of Arran were perceptible to the naked eye, and, as they were furiously driven towards Loop Head, the vessel struck. Order was preserved whilst exertion could be useful ; but, when the increase of water in the hold showed the near approach of shipwreck, each betook himself to the most expeditious way of saving his life. The boat was overloaded by the sailors—left the ship—and sunk for ever ! The few who remained on board, among whom was George, clung to the shrouds and rigging. The grasp of the fingers was stronger than the mind ; for the hold continued when they became delirious. From this situation they were rescued by the humanity of some fishermen, who saw the wreck from shore, but in such a state that they knew not of their deliverance. George was taken to the cabin of a poor man, who, like all his countrymen, adhered to the hospitable custom of his forefathers, by keeping a bed for a stranger ; for, however distressed, and however unclean from poverty, the Irish peasant may be, a stranger will be sure to find, in almost every cabin, a clean bed and bedclothes. George continued for several days in a high fever ; and the poor woman, to whose care he was intrusted, considering wine an antidote for all diseases, proceeded to Mrs. Fitzgerald, in the hopes of procuring some. The widow, hearing that the stranger's ap-

pearance indicated something above the idea of a common sailor, and apprehending injudicious treatment, sent her daughter to see what the unfortunate youth might be in want of ; for a physician did not live within twenty miles of Nutgrove. Lucy continued her attendance for several days, during which the intermission of the fever gave George a sight of his guardian, who, when he was able to rise, insisted on his accompanying her to Nutgrove, where better accommodation might facilitate the recovery of his health.

" Lucy was unremitting in her attention ; and, as loveliness is never more agreeable than when administering to our comfort, George was deeply in love with his unknown nurse before he was able to inquire to whose kindness he was indebted for his rescue from death. A mutual surprise took place on the discovery that he was in the house of Henry's mother ; but, as the generous impulse of youth never descends to calculate consequences, George had sworn to his own heart to marry Miss Fitzgerald, without reflecting on the double opposition of friends and religion. Lucy was the reverse of his sister in manners ; accustomed only to the company of her mother, she had all the gravity of age in her address ; whilst a thousand Cupids, dancing in her lovely eyes, showed that her heart was not callous to tender impressions. The recovery of George was now rapid : he walked first in the garden, next in the orchard, and then in the avenue, but never would be satisfied unless Lucy accompanied him ; although he could not feel the soft pressure of her arm without a sudden thrill through his whole frame. On these occasions he had frequent opportunities of speaking, but he had not courage to confess the passion he felt, notwithstanding his thousand determinations to that effect.

" In answer to a letter which he despatched to his father, assuring him of his safety, George received one in return, desiring every exertion to save as much of the property as possible, as a particular part of it was not insured. On inquiry of the coast surveyors, he was informed that scarcely any of the

wreck was saved; the place being so remote, the country people had carried off all that the tide had wafted on shore. Communicating these gloomy particulars to Mrs. Fitzgerald, she gave him some hopes that all was not lost. The next Sunday she requested him to accompany herself and daughter to the chapel, which he complied with, curious to see a form of worship which he had heard much spoken of. This *house of prayer* was a long thatched edifice, not unlike an Irish barn; and, as George watched the progress of the *Mass*, he could not help remarking how unworthy the building was of such a solemn ceremony, which the Catholic priest performs, whether in St. Peter's at Rome, or in a barn in Ireland. Before the conclusion of *Mass*, the priest, in his vestments, turned round to the people, and, in a language not above their comprehension, but indicative of the scholar, alluded to the recent shipwreck. George was unable to understand all he said, as the priest had spoken much of his address in the Irish language, that all might comprehend him.

"The influence of the Catholic clergy is well known in Ireland: they are always obeyed when they know how to exercise their authority. In a few days George was surprised to find nearly the entire of his father's property restored; even so far was the threat of the priest efficient, that some of the linen was returned actually made into shirts! Having arranged all his affairs, he put a letter from his sister into Mrs. Fitzgerald's hand, requesting permission for Miss Fitzgerald to spend a month at Ballymony that the family there might have an opportunity of expressing their obligation for her kindness to George. This was granted, as Lucy thereby would be able to see her brother.

"The hospitable kindness of the M'Arthurs astonished Lucy, as it did her brother before; for she also thought that the Calvinistic rigidity of the North had congealed every pleasure that springs up among the people. Her interesting appearance and gentle manners soon made her a general favourite in the neighbourhood; invita-

tions were daily given and accepted, none of which Lucy attended without finding George at her side. Eliza soon discovered the secret, and kept one of the lovers blushing at the other—blushes so significant, that each told the secret which neither had courage to own. The old man was now drawing towards his seventieth year, and, to the surprise of all, he fell in love with Lucy himself; but, as he differed in opinion with Southern, the poet, in place of marrying her himself, he requested of his son to do it: for, says the venerable man, 'youth loves beauty, and age loves sense; and here is a combination of both. I approve: do you please yourself.' George consented by expressing his gratitude; but, before he had risen from his humble posture, Eliza addressed her father. 'Sir, would not the qualities you approve in a woman be a great recommendation in a man?' 'Certainly, my dear.' 'Then, Sir, what do you think of Henry as a husband for me?' 'For you, you baggage? sure no sensible man would have you?' 'O yes, Sir; Henry swore, no later than last night, that he would marry me, and no other; and you know how often, when he was not present, you declared him a rock of wisdom.' 'Well, well,' says the old man, giving her a kiss, 'you must wait until I see what I can do for you and Henry.'

"In a few days Henry received from his mother a letter with the intelligence of his old aunt being dead, who left him her whole property, amounting to a considerable sum. There being no further impediment, the young people, in due form, were made happy.

"George remains prosecuting his successful industry, and Henry returned to the South, where he purchased a farm; and, whenever either of them hears any reproaches cast on the sects to which they respectively belong, their disapprobation is expressed by a smile at the silly malice of the accuser; for, say they, Protestants and Catholics only want to be just, and to know one another, to banish for ever the odious distinction which separates

them. Woman, the magic being who reconciles us to the world and to ourselves, can invest with almost supernatural loveliness our homes and our lives, whether their disposition be seriously grave or sportively gay, provid-

ed they 'o'erstep not the modesty of Nature.' The wife of George contributed to her husband's happiness by the strictest conjugal love, and Henry's promoted his felicity by enjoying it with him."

## VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

### POLAR LAND EXPEDITION.

Letters from York Factory speak very favourably of the condition of the exploring party. Venison and partridges especially abound, and the people are kept in good order by their officers. Two Esquimaux have joined the party, one of whom was with Captain Franklin on the last Arctic expedition, where he was a very useful attendant. Captain F. purposes to pursue the route of the Slave Lake.

### ANTEDILUVIAN CAVE.

Professor Buckland has published a letter relative to the cave lately discovered at Banwell. The Professor states the thickness of the mass of sand, mud, and lime-stones, through which the bones, horn, and teeth are dispersed, to be in one place nearly forty feet. He adds,—“Many baskets full of bones have already been extracted, belonging to the ox and its tribe: of the latter there are several varieties, including the elk. There are also a few portions of the skeleton of a wolf, and of a gigantic bear. The bones are mostly in a state of preservation, equal to that of common grave bones; but it is clear, from the fact of some of them belonging to the great extinct species of the bear, that they are of an antediluvian origin.

### RATS.

Mr. Wood, of Hawkeshead, has, with one or two terriers, killed 125 rats and one foulmart within the last few weeks: he has calculated that, supposing there are 1,300 mills in England and Wales, and that each mill contains 150 rats, each rat destroying two ounces of meal a day, the whole number will consume about 15 lbs. per day, or about 5,375 lbs. per year; and supposing that there are 1,300 towns and villages, each containing on an average 160 houses, and each two rats, consuming in the same proportion, making 52,000 lbs. less, yet as their number perhaps, is four times greater, the destruction produced by them will be about the same: that is to say, we may calculate upon an annual destruction of upwards of 100,000 lbs. weight of meal by domestic vermin only.—*Query.* How many poor families would this comfortably sustain?

### LANGUAGES.

*Different languages, to the number of three thousand and sixty-four, are in use in different quarters, states, and districts of the earth, as appears from a learned work of M. Aldeling, wherein are arranged and classed the vocabularies, more or less perfect, of 937 Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,264 American languages and dialects! If all languages originated amongst the constructors of the Tower of Babel, as some contend, what a mighty confusion must have attended and succeeded the conclusion of that work.*

### INUNDATIONS.

The late storms and inundations have sacrificed many lives at Petersburg, and destroyed property to an immense amount: 7,000 dead bodies have been found, and upwards of 8,000 persons are still missing.

### EARTHQUAKES.

Letters from Shiras announce, that on the 27th *Chawull* 1229, which answers to the month of April 1824, there had been an earthquake, which lasted six days and nights without interruption, and which had swallowed up more than half of that unfortunate city, and overthrew the other. Nearly all the inhabitants fell victims to this catastrophe.

*Kazroon*, a city between Abor Koh, and Shiras, was swallowed up, with almost the whole of its inhabitants, in consequence of the same earthquake. All the mountains surrounding *Kazroon* are levelled by it, and no trace of them now remains.

### LONGEVITY.

At Throckley Fell, aged 102, Mrs. Ann Jamieson. She was one of the greatest spinners of the north; and what is remarkable, she has for the last twelve months spun upwards of 40 yards of cloth for the use of her son, although she has been blind for above three years; and it was with great difficulty she could be kept from her wheel on the morning of her death.

Mrs. Mary Banks, in the 107th year of her age. She was the wife a linen-weaver, and always employed herself in that branch of manufactures. She enjoyed her faculties to the last, and was seen at market for herself a few days prior to her decease. She was the mother of many chil-

dren,—one of whom, a son, had made her a promise, at his father's decease, not to marry during her lifetime, which promise he faithfully discharged. He is now in the 75th year of his age, and avows his intention to marry after his mother's interment.

#### APPLE TREE.

There is an apple-tree in the possession of Levy Star, esq. in the Parish of Cheddar, the fruit of which is, when cut, the one half sweet, the other acid.

#### DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Several parts of Wales, especially in the neighbourhood of the Severn, have suffered much from the inundations at the early part of the month.

The upper arch of the celebrated Devil's Bridge, near Hafod, Cardiganshire, is broken down, and impassable by heavy vehicles: a safe and temporary platform has been placed for travellers. The lower arch, and indeed the foundation of this picturesque and extraordinary structure (which is supposed to have been built seven centuries ago by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey), is still secure. The second arch, which overspans the other, was erected in 1753 at the expense of the county; and, in the year 1814, the patriotic Mr. Johnes of Hafod removed the lower parapets of crumbling stonework, and placed in their stead iron hand-rails and ornaments.

**FOR PRODUCING A DRAUGHT OF AIR,** out of the hold of a ship, or out of a mine shaft, or the top of a chimney, liable to smoke, it has been recommended by Capt. Warren, instead of a wind-sail, wind-trunk, or cowl, having a close and rounded back presented to the wind, to insert there a wide mouthed trumpet-shaped open tube, which shall, instead of excluding the wind from the top, conduct a condensed and brisk stream of air over the top of the pipe, shaft, or chimney, whose draught it is necessary to increase.

#### MINERAL TALLOW.

This rare substance, which was discovered in Finland in 1736, has lately been found in a bog on the borders of Loch-Fye, in Scotland. It has the colour and feel of tallow, and is tasteless. It melts at 118 degrees, and boils at 280 degrees; when melted, it is transparent and colourless; on cooling, becomes spongy and white, though not so much so as at first. It is insoluble in water, but soluble in alcohol, oil of turpentine, olive oil, and naphtha, while these liquids are hot; but it is precipitated again when they cool. Its specific gravity in its natural state, is 0.6076, but the tallow is full of air bubbles; and after fusion, which disengages the air, the specific gravity is 0.983 which is rather higher than tallow. It does not combine with alkalies,

nor form soap. Thus it differs from every class of bodies known—from the fixed oils in not forming soap, and from the volatile oils and bitumens in being tasteless and destitute of smell. Its volatility and combustibility are equal to those of any volatile oil or naphtha.

#### RADISH.

The boiled roots of this vegetable form an excellent dish when served up as asparagus.

#### SURGERY.

Dr. Barnes, of Carlisle, has published in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for October 1824, a detailed account of the case of William Dempster, the unfortunate man whose death was occasioned by swallowing a table-knife, nine inches long, while performing some juggling tricks in that city. We find in this statement no material addition to what we have already published. Dr. Barnes describes several propositions made by the Carlisle surgeons for discharging the knife; but he himself thinks that an operation should have been performed. He says, "It is much to be regretted that Dempster could neither be prevailed upon to submit to an operation, nor to remain in Carlisle. As an operation succeeded nearly two centuries ago, when surgery was in a very imperfect state, it is highly probable that, under the present improved state of surgery, a similar operation would have been attended with success. The many valuable improvements that have been introduced into surgery, both in the operative part and in the subsequent mode of treatment, must give the moderns a decided advantage over the ancients in the success of their operations. Had he remained in Carlisle even though no operation had been performed, it is very probable his life would have been spared much longer than it actually was. He became weak and emaciated; but, as has been before stated, was able to walk about the town; and the stomach had, in some degree, become accustomed to the presence of the knife. The handle, and perhaps the blade also, would be dissolving, so that the bulk would be diminished; and if the knife had not been altogether removed in this way, it would have produced less irritation, and he might have lived a considerable time. There is even some probability that the knife might, in the course of time, have made its way through the stomach and parietes of the abdomen, by inflammation, abscess, and ulceration, as extraneous bodies have been frequently brought from various internal parts to the external surface by these processes, or by what some surgeons have termed progressive absorption."

